The Last Sunset

CHAPTER XII

THE LAST SUNSET

HAS anyone—save some twenty-four hour tourists who have not been beyond Papeete and who have been disappointed of a pleasant shock by the empty rubbish that the cinemas advertise as " real native *hula-hulas"*—has any honest visitor left Tahiti without regret ? It is hard to think so. And the poet and the artist has invariably gone with some-thing more than sorrow.

Listen to Rupert Brooke: " I was sad at heart to leave Tahiti. But I resigned myself to the vessel, and watched the green shores and rocky peaks fade with hardly a pang. I had told so many of those that loved me, so often,' Oh, yes, I'll come